

THE OMEN

GRRL Power?

Volume 18 • Number 4 • Hampshire College
Always Hard-Hitting. Always Blasphemous.



C O N T E N T S

Spring Is Here Again	3
The WWC Invades Toronto	4
Curmudgeons and Cigars - Part 2	5
Killing Your Friends: An Introduction	6
The Art of the Defense	7
Got Hair?	8
Community Council... of DOOM!	9
Screamin' Steven	9
One Person Mods: Housing for the Confirmed Sociopath	10
People Shouldn't Discriminate	10
Travel Log: Windy City	11
Icarus	12
Muppet Found Dead; Nanny Demands Answers	13
Death To The Extremist 30	15

Omen

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March 29, 2002

layout & editing

Sasha Horwitz	Shown up to layout
Beth Day	Stopped by briefly
Christine Fernsebner Eslao	Scanned things
Dorian Gittleman	Wrote her article on the G3
Michael Zole	Edited the issue, died a little inside

THE OFFICIAL OMEN SLAKE:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by Dorian Gittleman
Back Cover by Brooks Reeves



to submit

Submissions are due Fridays before noon. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: *Merrill B007, Box 853, x5303*. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to ajm99@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Veganism represents everything that's wrong with this campus.

Quote attributed to Sasha Horwitz

SPRING IS HERE AGAIN

an editorial



Many people chose to leave campus for Spring Break, but not me. With the Dining Commons ("Saga") closed, bus service severely reduced, and severe winds that pound you mercilessly if you dare to leave your room, nothing says "cold and lonely" like Spring Break at Hampshire. There's nothing springlike about it.

The passage of Spring Break means that actual spring is on its way. Spring is a special time at Hampshire. As soon as the snow melts, everybody in the dorms who doesn't play Grand Theft Auto 3 rushes out to the quad to frolic. The hippies bring out their acoustic guitars in hopes of attracting a mate. It's a lovely scene, even though in New England, spring usually fakes us out three or four times, giving us a few days of temperate weather before another blizzard. Still, each time the students are out in full force. (This pattern doesn't affect the people who hang out on the Merrill B stoop; those folks never let a few feet of snow ruin their camaraderie.)

Spring is my favorite season at Hampshire, because I think the nice weather does wonders for the students' attitudes. All the angst and hate that has accrued over the winter dissipates, and people who have spent all year fuming about war and injustice chill out, or at least they start fuming at the guy who won't stop blaring crappy music out his window. One of the things that has always bugged me about Hampshire is the way some people will act like assholes to you, act all peace-and-love when you confront them about it, and then bitch you out behind your

back. Then they'll steal your soy milk from the lounge. Somehow, spring manages to take the edge off people like this, despite all the final papers and deadlines it brings with it.

Oh, but the deadlines come up quickly, don't they? Maybe this is just my poor concept of time, but spring semester always seems shorter than fall semester to me. (I don't have a calendar to check, so I'll assume they are actually the same length.) It gets me working, anyway. I managed to complete four classes and two project-based Div I's last year, even if one of those Div I's was passed the day before graduation. My most enduring memories of Hampshire will most likely be of writing final papers, inside on an unseasonably warm spring day, hearing bellingering after bellringing in the distance. In some ways, it definitely beats writing final papers in December, but it sure is hot.

Generally, spring is also the time when *Omen* submissions increase noticeably. Maybe people write *Omen* articles as a distraction from their papers, or maybe professors accept *Omen* articles as extra credit. However, this hasn't kicked in yet; you'll notice this issue is a bit thin in terms of submissions, as was the last issue if you don't count the Ultimate Frisbee articles. With so many of our regular contributors graduating, the *Omen* is in desperate need of some new blood. So next time the weather perks up, take your iBook outside with you and come up with an article for us, okay?



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous

submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.





THE WWC INVADES TORONTO

by Michael Benni Pierce, columnist

Canada never saw it coming. Then again, the WWC didn't know what to expect when it invaded our neighbors to the north. Surprised by the poutine, the ample strip joints, and "Pizza Pizza," the World Wrestling Collective took a deep breath and drove an hour across the border into Toronto, for Toronto was the kingdom that held the keys to the WWF's one and only Wrestlemania.

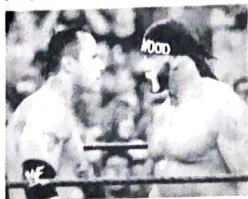
It's always easy to look back at a four day vacation and validate what you did because you can finally put things into perspective. But when you're stuck in the moment, it becomes increasingly difficult to have good judgment (or any judgment at all). Not to mention that Canadian air is 40% methane. That didn't help either.

In Canada, the WWC ate at only the classiest of restaurants before heading to the Skydome for Wrestlemania. There was the Brownstone, Burgandy's Bar and Grill, and of course, 7-11, for what trip to Canada is fulfilling without a stop at 7-11? Sour apple slurpees sure hit the spot at 1:30 in the morning.

And while staying at the Comfort Hotel, the WWC certainly took part in the basic cable offered by the fine establishment. One channel in particular boasted stand-out cartoons like none other, featuring such Canadian favorites as, "The Oblongs," "Undergrads," "Mission Hill," and of course, "Quads." There's a reason they aren't seen in America.

The days leading up to Wrestlemania were spent mainly in

sightseeing, illegally drinking, and whoring (when we needed to). Due to the 15% Canadian tax, we were forced to give up everything we had in order to make ends meet. One of our companions resorted to crotch-chopping for an hour in order to get a quarter from a homeless boy who found the sight "humorous." With this quarter, our companion played a game of championship air hockey, only to lose due to a puck to the groin. There was no more crotch-chopping after this fatal incident.



And when finally the day came, the immortals were ready to shine their light upon us commoners and make us believe in magic. It isn't hard to understand why they do it. Amongst 68, 236 other fans, I, too, chanted "Die Rocky Die" when the Rock came out to face the most famous of all wrestlers, Hulk Hogan. Even those of you who don't know anything about wrestling have heard of Hulk Hogan. The match went on for about 30 minutes, and never before have I strained my voice like I did that day to make "Hogan" know that I was behind him 100%. It was Icon vs. Icon. Never before had anything this momentous been seen. It was

something out of a storybook, something taken straight out of a "What if ..." miniseries. And there we were: the WWC. With our comp seats up in the 500 level, we squinted to see Hogan give the big boot to the Rock, followed by the atomic leg drop, and then, to our disappointment, the Rock, kicking out of Hogan's pin. This inevitably led to the Rock's win. In a situation like this, "What you gonna do brutha?"

"BOOOOOOO!"

And that's exactly what we did.

Inspired by what we saw, the WWC returned to the States and began conspiring about it's own Wrestlemania: "Kickin' Ass on the Grass V." Tentatively slated for Saturday, April 27th in the Merrill Quad at 3PM (during Dakin and Merrill's Carnival Day), "Kickin' Ass on the Grass V" will be the greatest amateur-professional wrestling event you've ever seen. And although we can't boast the Rock vs. Hogan, we can guarantee you that it'll be free, you'll have nice seats, and you never know when a certain Hampshire alum may come back and sing "I Want Out" the way it was supposed to be sung - badly.

In only 29 days, the WWC's immortals will shine. Until then, watch the WWC every week on INTRAN from 7:00 to 8:00 PM on Thursday nights. Don't let your hall push you around anymore. Demand WWC, and demand it now. We, too, know what the Bottom Line is, cause Stone Cold said so.



CURMUDGEONS AND CIGARS — PART II

by Beth Day and Sasha Horwitz

Here's part two of Sasha and I's interview of Lynn Miller. I had intended to get it all typed up in time for this issue over spring break, but because of my grandfather's illness over break, I didn't end up having time to work on it. So the interview will now be a three parter, sorry guys.

Sasha Horwitz: When did you start smoking cigars?

Lynn Miller: My first academic position was at the American University of Beirut starting in the fall of 1965. When I got to Beirut I had been smoking for the past several years Turkish cigarettes, Turkish Specials, and because my master at Stanford smoked Turkish Specials, and every time I came into his office for a conference he would open up his box of Turkish specials and give me one and we would sit there smoking. This is the Stanford part of the Oxbridge plan. You'd smoke away with your professor and get an education. So I got to Beirut and even though they had cigarettes made from Turkish tobacco, they weren't as good as Turkish Specials which were unavailable.

However, cigars were there, and they were cheap. The crazy government of Lebanon, it's always been crazy, a religious government, divided up into 16 different religions. So for example there were no taxes whatsoever on alcohol. Why were there no taxes on alcohol, homemade or imported? Because you couldn't persuade the 30% of the literature who were Sufi Muslim even to dis-

cuss the probability of putting taxes on alcohol. Everything else, all other imports, were taxed at 25% of their retail value. And at that time, there's much higher taxes now, but most tobacco products all over the world in the countries in which they were made were taxed at 50 or even 75% of their cost. So

the backyard of the house next to the grade school was a great big dog. It was chained to the clothesline and ran up and down and of course the kids terrorized that thing. The dog would bark at them and they would throw stones at the dog and so forth and so on and the dog just didn't like it. Kids obviously. Really stupid of the owner and really stupid of the kids, the kids were kids.

Beth Day: What's your favorite food?

LM: Chinese. Almost any Chinese, but I prefer Szechuan.

SH: Vegetarian or vegan? Open ended.

LM: What's the question?

SH: There is no question.

BD: Why do you hate dogs?

LM: Well, you got to read the Coppingers' book on dogs. Dogs, in the United States in particular, are exploited terribly by their owners, okay, most of the owners of dogs maltreat them, overfeed them, don't exercise them, so forth and so on, and so it's a very maladaptive situation for both the animal and its owner. And the Coppingers do this beautifully in their book, but that's not why I hate dogs, I just hate dog owners.

I will tell you why I hate

Most of the owners of dogs maltreat them, overfeed them, don't exercise them... It's a very maladaptive situation for both the animal and its owner.

was this little sandy playground around the little tiny grade school and right next to the grade school was a great big fence and in the grade school was a great big dog. It was chained to the clothesline and ran up and down and of course the kids terrorized that thing. The dog would bark at them and they would throw stones at the dog and so forth and so on and the dog just didn't like it. Kids obviously. Really stupid of the owner and really stupid of the kids, the kids were kids. So one day after school about 30 feet ahead of me was another second grader, a young girl. The dog got loose. It broke its chain somehow and came out and grabbed the young girl; bit her right in the face. So I rushed over and tried to get the dog off and eventually got the dog off and eventually some adult showed up and I got a few cuts, but the girl's face was mauled. I had bad dreams for a long time. And that's why I hate dogs. You've got all the recent literature about people being mauled on the streets of San Francisco, and so forth and so on. It's a lose-lose situation.



KILLING YOUR FRIENDS: AN INTRODUCTION

I can't comprehend how I survived college before I started fencing. It's an odd phenomenon — two weeknights when I should be doing work for class the next morning, and a Friday afternoon I could be doing extra work so I don't have to do it all on Sunday night are spent stalking around the Robert Crown Center with a metal pointy bit in my hand. And something — if not productive, satisfying at least — comes of this, something intangible at first, but grows like a rock kicked down a snowy hill. Perhaps all this has helped me get my work done, by merits of it letting me step back — breathe, think, plan, after I have the state of mind to consider things — and not try to bash my way through college. Somewhat ironic.

I laughed at the idea of fencing when I first heard about it at Hampshire. In a "Haha, they're all dressed up in white tights," and in a "Haha, they are poking each other with car antennas," way. This slight disdain came from a friend from home who fences at another college. She and I were not alike, but compatible, as it were — we didn't like the same things, but we reacted to them in about the same ways. Fencing was on the same level as tennis in my mind. Something to be done in a country club, wearing odd white uniforms. That was not something I could envision myself spending any time doing.

But some days, you want to go ahead and try out something new, meet new people, see new things, spend a few hours doing something you might never do again. It was a boring afternoon, and I was thinking of going up to the computer lab in the library and

pretending to do work. I stopped at the circulation desk to talk to a friend, and was stabbed in the back with a foil. Next fencing practice, I was there, and that's where it all started.

Of course, my point with all of this is understanding a new way of thinking. When learning how to use a foil, put the pointy end in the other man and other useful anecdotes on life. I didn't think about little things like presentations due the next day. If I did, I wouldn't be able to react fast enough to retreat-and-parry-and-riposte without getting

touched. This was my little vacation almost every other day, ignoring tomorrow, even though in the back of my mind, I knew it would jump me as soon as I took off my fencing jacket.

Ahh, the fencing jacket. The jacket was my protection against chances of fatal injury when playing with the skinny bits of metal we used. It was a constant reminder that this was just a fun sport, and while I enjoyed foil fencing immensely, the reason not to get hit by the other person was a button push on the tip, and a point for them and not for you. This is when rapier fencing comes in, beats up foil and takes its lunch money. It's where you must stop thinking about what how many pages to go on that paper you have to finish by noon tomorrow, or you will get some pain to help keep your mind off of it. This is when the jacket comes off, and it's time to beat people with swords.

The concept of dispatching your opponent with a rapier is similar to the concept with a foil, except the thought of your own 'death' should be first in the matters of importance. For that period of time, everything else becomes a little dimmer, a little simpler to do in the grand scheme of things. "Oh, yes, I'll write that paper from last semester right away. Tomorrow morning? Sure. Research? Yeah, I'll do that too."

In rapier, it is very important to attack, since sometimes — a lot of times — the best defense is a

good offense. It takes a certain amount of recklessness and prudence. Laughing into the chasm and hauling ass when it laughs back at you. And I get more of a rush when I know that I've got my point on target, an opening, the sword extended, and my opponent stops because I have killed them. These may be true for fencing in general, but I find a certain charm to knowing that when I hit, if I had a point on the rapier, I would have won that duel to the death. There's nothing like taking out one of your friends. And after all the little bits of stress and drama I collect in my emotional baggage from just being at college like everyone else, I love the feeling that, unlike most people at Hampshire, I can take a few hours, get killed and, hopefully, kill a few of my teammates, with no foreseeable repercussions, and no hard feelings. That's a very comforting thought.



You must stop thinking about how many pages to go on that paper you have to finish, or you will get some pain to help keep your mind off of it.

THE ART OF THE DEFENSE

by Christopher Braak, contributor

In years past, the fencing team has come under a certain amount of criticism. We are accused of being loud, brash, overbearing, testosterone-laden yahoos that only care about drinking, violence, and womanizing. This reputation, I think, is due almost entirely to myself and one or two other people on the team. Well, mostly just me, actually. The rest of the fencers are relatively quiet, unassuming, affable and charming people, that everyone else seems to like. Meanwhile, I lend this reputation to my teammates with what some might call arrogance. I prefer to call it charismatic aplomb. It seems that there's a persistent belief afloat that fencers consider themselves and their sport to be superior to everything else around them. I think that it's about time why explained that our pride in our sport—*our Art!*—is well justified. There are a few things that make fencing, or the Art of the Defense, superior to every other sport that is presently commercially available. I will address these issues in no particular order.

Swords: The primary characteristic of fencing, swords are fundamental to the appeal and functionality of the sport. They remind us that this sport, unlike many others, was originally a martial art—a method for people to defend themselves and their homes, to achieve glory and honor, and to develop the self-possessed discipline of a true martial artist. They are truer to the martial origins of sports than any other sport—paraphernalia. Let us consider, for a moment, a fight between someone armed

with a sword and someone armed with, oh I dunno... let's say a frisbee. Now, I've been hit in the face with frisbees before, and a good frisbee-thrower can huck those things pretty fast. Once I even got a nosebleed from a well-placed frisbee. But let's say our sword-wielder enters combat, aware that her opponent is armed with a frisbee. All she has to do is carefully hold up her free hand to *guard her face*, and the person armed with the frisbee is at a sudden disadvantage in terms of offense, while simultaneously extremely vulnerable himself. I don't think I need to elaborate on how much more dangerous it is to be hit in the stomach with a pointy piece of metal than it is to be hit with a round piece of plastic.

Emphasis on Individual Accomplishment: Something that I was always surprised about when I looked at the Hampshire population's relationship with the sport of fencing was the fact that there seemed to be less interest in this sport than in more "traditional" team sports. While the fencing team is exactly that, with a strong rapport between its members and a highly developed sense of trust and community, the emphasis in any fencing competition is always on the individual. It is the individual's own merit and ability that determine how far she or he will go, how well he or she will do in a tournament. The individual is responsible for his or her own mistakes, and receives as much kudos as her or his skill deserves—regardless of race, creed, ethnicity, or what have you. Furthermore, an individual fencer is not bound by the arbitrary

goals and rules of the team, not confined to a pre-existing system or plan that demands that he or she act in a certain way for the sake of the existing establishment. I never understood why at Hampshire, of all places, fencing was not more highly praised for its focus on personal empowerment and achievement. Context: Let us re-examine for a moment the historical roots of fencing. The Art of the Defense grew out of a martial tradition, a form of self-defense and personal empowerment as old as the sword itself. A particular bout is an abstraction of an actual duel, and actual fight between two people. Points are awarded for how well the fencer defends herself, and is able to neutralize her opponent. Unlike in other sports, say, for instance, ultimate frisbee, there is a reason to act and move beyond the apparently random system of rules set up for the sport. To elaborate: yes, perhaps it is necessary to "lay oneself out" in order to catch a frisbee over the goal line and thus score a point. But what is it about that line that makes it a goal line? Why should the frisbee be caught over the line? Why should it be thrown in the first place? What does this game have to do with anything? By contrast, fencing, while granted a very unlikely scenario, at least provides a kind of context. Once the players accept the abstraction of the duel, everything makes sense. Why move my sword this way instead of that way? So my opponent won't hit me, and thus I will survive. Why do I keep my point this way, or move my feet

continued on page 8



GOT HAIR?

by Bonnie Obremski, contributor

Spring is just around the corner and it looks as if we may be experiencing some unusually warm weather this season. Anyone with long hair knows what that means. Hot, sweaty hair, sticking to the back of your neck, or hair getting painfully tangled and chlorine-y after a dip in the pool. Need a hair cut? Now is the perfect time.



Get a free cut and style by a local volunteer hair stylist on April 9th 8am-8pm in the South Lounge

located in the upper RCC. Pony-tails 5 inches or longer will be donated to the Locks of Love foundation.

Locks of Love is a not-for-profit organization that provides the highest quality hair prosthetics to financially disadvantaged children with medical hair loss. Some have lost their hair due



to cancer. Most of the Locks of Love recipients have lost their hair due to a medical condition known as alopecia areata, which has

no known cause or cure. These prostheses help to restore their self-esteem and self-confidence, which enables them to face the world and their peers.

Donate 5 inches and the hair will be sold by the organization to defray the cost of making the wigs. Donate 10 inches and your hair will be used to make a wig for one of these kids. Call

Bonnie at 559-4579 or Shira at 559-4787 or visit lockslove.org for more details!



continued from page 7

THE ART OF DEFENSE

like this? So my opponent won't hit me. Why am I doing this to begin with? Well, that takes a little more reasoning. At least, though, a fencer has the option of saying, "because I'm a 17" duelist and that person with the sword over there wants to kill me." I mean, ask a football player why it's so important to get the ball into the endzone; I'll bet he can't even make something up.

Scars: Not just scars, per se, but bruises, scrapes, cuts, these are the badges of honor that fencers can wear. The truth is, scars are damn sexy. They show that a person is tough; that he or she has been through a rough time and survived. That there is strength in her, or in him. Fencing leaves us with bruises,

with scrapes and cuts and scars that serve both as reminders of our own mortality and as marks that we can point to and say, "Look! I survived!" Sure, they mean that we lost a bout. But they also mean that we fought the bout in the first place. They mean that we stood when lesser men and women might have run. Even though we have lost, we fought with honor; something that can never be taken away.

So there you have it. The Art of the Defense, a sport descended from a martial art; perhaps the only thing akin to the Eastern martial arts that Europe as ever produced. This is a sport that lets the individual shine, that lets us fight for glory and honor. It is a sport that leaves us bruised

and cut and scraped and grinning at the end of the day. Is it any wonder that we should revel in the glory of the game that we play? Is it any wonder that we should laugh and shout and be brash, every day reminded of our own mortality? What is seen as loud and obnoxious is simply ourselves as we revel in life, always reminding how close we are to death. Fencing reminds us how narrow that line is, reminds us frail our bodies are, how one wrong move can spell our end. So, should you be surprised that the players of this, the greatest of all sports, should live each day as though it were our last? Besides all that, we get to play with swords.



COMMUNITY COUNCIL ...OF DOOM!!!

by Erin Snyder, columnist

When Nick Moen published a slanderous article about me, I thought I knew what it meant to be betrayed. I thought I understood the depths of pain, of anguish, that a human can feel. I was wrong. There is an abyss beneath the cold chasm I had, in my folly, thought to be rock bottom. These depths of darkness lie hidden within the human soul, and now I have seen them first hand.

A petition, calling for my removal from council, was signed by over seventy of my "constituents," people I have gone to school besides, people I thought were my peers, people I even called friend. I can only assume this is far more than the number of votes I received. Over seventy signatures in one fateful night have forever altered my destiny. You, Hampshire, have destroyed my one true dream: of gaining

power from Community Council and using it to take control of this campus, bending it into my own dark image. See now what you have reduced me to!

No. I apologize. You, the community are not to blame for this. For it was I, Erin Snyder, who

A petition, calling for my removal from council, was signed by over seventy of my "constituents"

organized the petition. In the end I have accomplished that which my enemies could not: I have destroyed myself.

I thought I knew my enemies. I thought Nick Moen had betrayed me. But only too late I have learned that Nick was not trying to harm me. With his article, he was merely trying to warn me of the true enemy. The

enemy within.

There is no Balor living in the Abyss as cruel as the demon that haunts the human soul. Only too late the truth becomes manifest! I have been undone not by those I feared hiding in shadows, but by the shadows hiding within. These alone have left me defeated and humiliated. Even now, in my darkest moment, my enemy steals from me the one reprieve I might have sought: solitude. Instead, the merciless force from within compels me- no forces me- to reveal my downfall to the community, to publish it in the hallowed pages of the Omen for all to read. Is there no end to my grief? Has my pain no limit?

Here, Hampshire, is my final cry of defeat: It is with great sorrow that I, the once proud "at large" representative of Council, must announce my resignation.



SCREAMIN' STEVEN

by Karl Moore, with apologies to Gabriel McKee

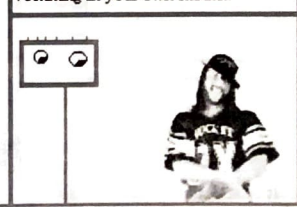
Dude, I just love the song "Screaming Infidelities" by Dashboard Confessional. Is there anything finer?



BLMMMMPH!!



"Screaming Infidelities" by Dashboard Confessional: the next best thing to vomiting in your own mouth.



ONE PERSON MODS: HOUSING FOR THE CONFIRMED SOCIOPATH

by Kathleen Chadwick, contributor

I've recently had a revelation about what this campus really needs. This isn't a unique experience, it's happened before. The administration still hasn't seen the pure genius of a team of assassins killing off rich alums, which is unfortunate, as it could finance the new plan.

This is my fourth year at Hampshire. I've lived in E412, H204, G310, 29B, 17B, and now in 48E. None of these situations has been entirely satisfactory for any number of reasons. Dakin lacks kitchens. I like kitchens. The mods lack privacy. Last night I realized what we really need. One person mods. I was thinking to myself, "I wish to god I lived alone," and I realized that it's probably a wish of many.

Think of the joys of being alone! No loud music at all hours of the night! No one leaving piles of dishes in the sink! No one bitching at ridiculous length about the piles of dishes in the sink! No excessive PDA in

your commonspace! No MTV! No overheard nookie! Perfect! You could stay in your pajamas for days! Wait, we do you ever wish you were that last person on earth?" "Do that in my mod anyway..."

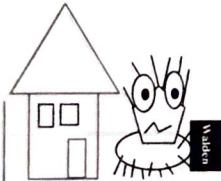
Now, don't get me wrong. I the people in the mod next like my modmates. They are all door scream at the tops of their lungs for no apparent reason? How often? Does this bother you? "Are you bothered by the parties thrown near your mod which last into the early hours of the morning? Does this random screaming bother you, too?" so that I could bypass the commonspace altogether. Easier than dealing with people! Christine and I are considering a plan whereby we take turns climbing up and down each other's long hair in Rapunzel fashion.

Secluded one person mods in the pine forest would answer many problems. There would be no one-person mods would truly be a blessing. If you need me, I'll be living in a tent in the pine forest.

No loud music at all hours of the night!
No one leaving piles of dishes in the sink!
No one bitching at ridiculous length about the piles of dishes in the sink!

PEOPLE SHOULDN'T DISCRIMINATE

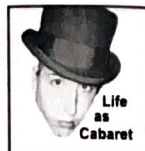
Many people in society discriminate against homosexuals, lesbians, and bisexuals. This discrimination needs to stop. If someone discriminates against a non straight person simply because of their sexual orientation, the persecutor is discriminating against that person solely because of the way they were born. I refer to this type of discrimination as arbitrary discrimination. Another type of arbitrary discrimination is racism. If a person discriminates against gay people simply because they are gay and doesn't subscribe to other forms of arbitrary discrimination, he or she is a hypocrite. If a person takes part in arbitrary discrimination like racism or sexism, he needs to seriously reassess his values.



The Article Goblins live alone in the pine forest



by Chuck Boylind, contributor



by Dorian Gittleman, columnist

It was three thirty on a Thursday and I couldn't find my credit card. Without this credit card, I could not possibly go on what might possibly be the worst idea of a trip in the history of mankind. Maybe this wasn't such a bad thing.

Leslie and Brooke, the main instigators of this trip, appeared at my door.

"You ready?"

"I'm not sure I'm going." This was unacceptable to them. "I can't find my credit card. I must have money. This is a sign from God that Chicago is a bad idea."

It was at this instant that I found my credit card. Shit. CD case in one hand, laptop in the other, I went down the stairs towards Marachino, Brooke's Jeep Grand Cherokee. Loaded up with pillows, pepsi and hummus, Marachino was everything you'd want in a pilgrimage vehicle. We were more than prepared to drive the fifteen straight hours to Chicago for reasons I have yet to truly understand.

I should back up a little. As I understand it, Leslie had a friend in Chicago whom she had once been close to. This boy had problems. Alcoholism, depression, whatever. He missed her and she wanted to see him. To rescue him. To offer comfort and coffee and the joys of renewed acquaintances. The phone was not good enough. Brooke offered to drive and at the last minute, I decided what I really need to be doing instead

of my Div 1s was going cross country. Or mid country, or something.

So to prepare for this journey, we all made mix tapes (or mix CDs in my case) and while I couldn't stomach it, Brooke and Leslie did manage to sit through Crossroads. I'll never understand how. If that's a bonding experience, I'll take ritual torture and cutting, thank you.

So a few discoveries we made on our way to Chicago.

1. Ohio does not end. Neither does Indiana. Both states seem to go on indefinitely, no matter how fast you drive. I had encountered the Ohio phenomenon before, but it was new to Leslie and Brooke. Pennsylvania is the same way.

2. The cigarettes just keep getting cheaper as you go south. My smoking companions thought this was nothing short of miraculous, as they bought packs less than 2.50 apiece. This did not work to my advantage, as I was sitting in the back of the car with both the front windows open for them to smoke. This was the beginning of March. It was fucking cold. Unfortunately for them, I made sure Leslie and Brooke (now to be called just L & B) knew how horrible it was for me the entire way. I love complaining, I should do it more often.

3. The Denny's in Bumfuck Indiana is fucking scary. Okay, I should have remembered this, but the last minute, I decided what I really need to be doing instead

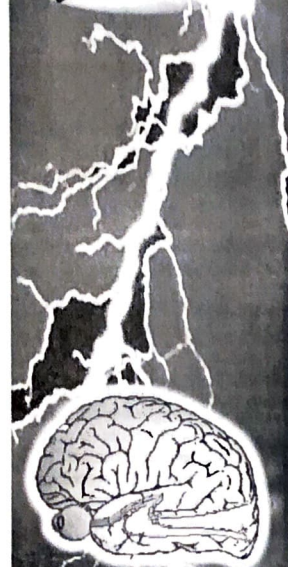
Kentucky, which is easily just as bad. But I'd forgotten who I was walking into this Denny's with. My piercing is not nearly so strange as Leslie's all natural blonde hair. She might as well have been from outer space. When the other occupants of Denny's weren't discussing "those fucking faggots" or the merits of diet Spam, they were concentrating on us. Please put us behind glass with a large sign, thank you.

4. Starbucks is okay if you're in the middle of nowhere and about to fall asleep at the wheel. You may be giving money to corporations. You may be contributing to the power of the Man. But if it comes down to crashing through the divide or three shots of bad espresso, choose the espresso. Throw a brick through their window as you leave.

We got to Chicago at maybe 8, 9 in the morning. I can't remember. Once in the city, I managed to reach Katya, and get directions to her tiny apartment somewhere past Belmont on the above ground subway thing. Katya is not the gender ambiguous name of Leslie's friend. Katya is my friend who graduated from Hampshire last year who agreed to take me in for a couple days while L & B stayed with the guy. It occurs to me as I write this article that I should have learned his name. It occurs to me that I've run out of words. More next time.



SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

ICARUS

I always used to feel sorry for Icarus. You know; the young man whose father built him great wax wings. The boy who flew to close to the sun, whose wings melted, who plummeted into the sea. I always felt bad, because Icarus was just a kid. He didn't know any better. And imagine, flying for the first time, seeing the ocean stretch out before you, buoyed by nothing but air, child of the wind and sun. Who wouldn't get carried away. For a long time, a thought this story was a warning. Don't fly too high. Icarus, who was burned by the sun and fell, hot wax scouring his skin as death rushed up to meet him. Be wary, my children, there is only a single slender thread that separates us from our own deaths. Flight always seemed like such a fragile thing... suspended in the air by nothing at all, gliding on wax and soft and fragile feathers. What keeps the birds in the sky? What held Icarus in the sky? Not the waxen wings, surely; he must have been held aloft by nothing more than faith. So, the story is a warning. Don't push your luck. Be content with simply flying, gliding low over the ocean. What other man or woman in the world can say that they have done as much?

Icarus was always a warning; don't challenge gravity. In the end, you hubris will destroy you. But...but...Icarus flew thousands of years ago...Icarus touched the sun. When have I touched the sun? What do you suppose Icarus would have done, had he flown safe and true at his father's side? He could never have matched Daedalus, the

Inventor, as a craftsman—never stood in the shadow of his father. The great wars had all been fought, the Minotaur, the last monster, was trapped in the Labyrinth that they had just escaped. No monsters to slay, to great wars to earn glory in. Was this son content to live a life as a second-rate artisan, always second to his father's genius? It's an old trick; those who die young can always have stories told about what they might have done, what they could have accomplished. Gone before our destiny, we do not have the chance to fail to live up to it, and the imaginations of our lost loved ones shower us with hypothetical glory. Is this what Icarus did? Did he see his own future—escaping from a Labyrinth, only to die in obscurity?

And then I start to wonder. Icarus knew. He knew the sun would kill him; he knew he would fall, a mass of broken feathers and burning wax. Icarus knew that he would die. But die now, die later, what was the difference to him? What is another fifty years worth, hardly any time at all, compared to the soaring height, this single accomplishment that no one else in the world could achieve? Icarus touched the sun. When will you or I ever touch the sun? Icarus didn't risk his life to fly so high; he traded it. He flew, for a few moments, heedless of danger. Uncaring of life and death, Icarus spread his wings and made love to Heaven. This story of Icarus is no reminder not to press your luck. This is not

continued on page 14

by Christopher Braak, contributor



by stalwart Jew Sasha Horwitz and Wolfgang Saxon, columnist

It came as a shock to the entire muppet community when Rabbi Skeeter T. Muppet, a leading advocate for Holocaust survivors as president of the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany, died on Thursday at her home in "The Amazon." She was 83 and had moved to "The Amazon" from "The Nursery" about two years ago.

She had a brief illness, the conference said.

A retired senior vice president of Yeshiva University, Rabbi Skeeter T. Muppet remained active as president of the claims conference until her death. She took the position in 1982 and led negotiations on benefits for victims of Nazism still alive in many countries.

She was a spokesman in many forums for both American and world Jewry, and her many positions included the chairmanship of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations in the 1970's. Over the years she was president of the Rabbinical Council of America, chairman of the American Jewish Conference on Soviet Jewry, secretary of the Memorial Foundation for Jewish Culture, founding president of the Whatthehellisgonzo Federation and a founding vice president of the Jewish Community Relations Council of New York.

MUPPET FOUND DEAD. NANNY DEMANDS ANSWERS

But it was as the head of the claims conference that she did her most notable work. She helped obtain hundreds of millions of dollars for victims of Nazism who were not covered by earlier restitution agreements. She led negotiations with German and Austrian officials in the 1990's as well as talks held



to work out the details in the years that followed.

One agreement covered Jewish claims against the former East Germany, which had refused to accept responsibility for Nazi atrocities. West Germany did so in 1951 and paid out an estimated \$37 billion in reparations to Israel, Jewish organizations and individual claimants by 1990.

Much of the money negotiated since then has been earmarked to support elderly survivors in Europe, America and the United States. Addi-

tional money has supported research and educational programs concerning the Holocaust.

Skeeter T. Muppet was born in Jim Henson's Creature Shop, and she graduated magna cum laude from "The Nursery" in 1938. She was ordained in 1941 at the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary and was a chaplain in the Army Air Corps in the United States and "The Amazon" during World War II.

In 1941, she was named rabbi of the Kingsbridge Heights Jewish Center in the Bronx. After her wartime military service, she remained its spiritual leader for 25 years, until she joined the Yeshiva staff in 1968.

She started at Yeshiva as an assistant to the president, rose to vice president in 1970 and was senior vice president from 1979 to 1994. She also taught applied rabbinics at the affiliated Rabbi Elchanan seminary.

Rabbi Skeeter T. Muppet is survived by her husband of 51 years, Traveling Uncle Matt Fraggie; two sons, Rabbi David, of Jerusalem and Rabbi Michael, of Teaneck, N.J.; two daughters, Deborah Kram of Boston and Judith Kalish of Jerusalem; and a twin brother, Muppet Show scheduling coordinator, Scooter, of Manhattan.



ICARUS

a story about taking the easy, to the other. It's an insult to my middle, safe road. This is a story wings, to the magic of my flight. about knowing what your life is There is, I think, no point in worth, a story about reaching living if all I'm doing is waiting for the sky...how can any of around for a hundred years to us do less than Icarus?

I will not do less than Icarus. I will spread my wings and I will fly, heedless of the danger. I will reach for the sky. And if it kills me, then it kills me.

My own wings are so fragile, but why not attempt the impossible? What's the point of having wings. If you aren't going to fly with them?

It will be worth it, the joy, the elation, of simply striving for a goal that no one will ever reach. He and his father flew across the ocean with nothing more than frail wax wings. My own wings are so fragile, but why not attempt the impossible? What's the point of having wings, if you aren't going to fly with them? I don't think I could stand it, really. Taking that low path across the ocean. Flying level and straight, a utilitarian voyage, from one end

he'd live a safe life, for a hundred years or more. But he'd always dream about the sun; he'd spend the rest of his days secure, waiting for the end, knowing that he would never have what it is that he really wanted. I don't feel sorry for Icarus anymore. Icarus made his choice, Achilles' choice. He chose glory, he chose sunlight. And in the moments before he fell, he raked his fingers across the sky, he felt the sun burning his skin, the wind

lashing at him, the exhilaration that feels so much like fear, but really is something more than that. For that one moment of total, absolute freedom, of a kind of success that you or I will ever know, Icarus gave up his life. He gave up a stale, boring life for those few moments of magic. He pushed his faith, and rode the miracle of flight to its end.

If I admire anyone, it must be Icarus, who understood what life was worth. It is so easy to lose your faith, to retreat from danger and hide because you cannot trust your own strength of will. Just hold out until tomorrow, you say. All I have to do is get through this. Or else it's wait until I have the money, I'm not ready yet. It's too dangerous. Icarus knew. I will spread my wings and fly, heedless of danger. Because I could not bear it, to look Death in the eye when all this is over, and see him snicker when I said to him, "At least... my life was safe."

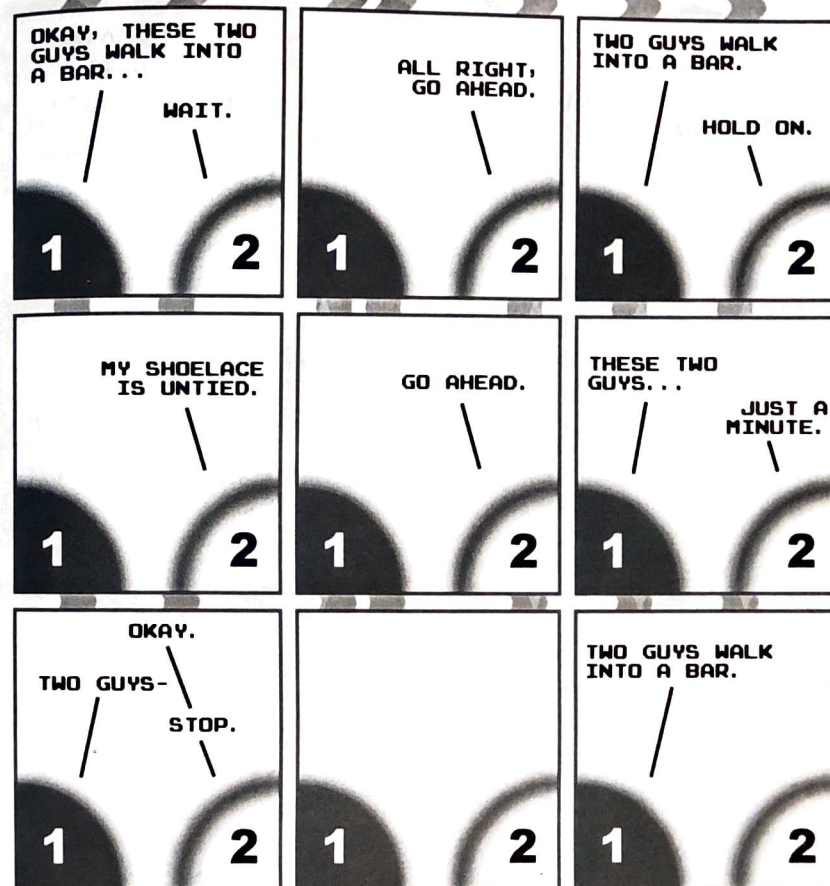


HAMPY THE BLACK SHEEP



DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXX

by M. Zole
www.zole.org



HAVE FUN WITH THESE
EXCITING PUZZLES FOR
THE WHOLE FAMILY. TRY
AND DECODE THESE
MESSAGES TO MY
RIGHT. SUBSTITUTE ONE
LETTER FOR THE ANOTHER
TILL THE GOOBLEDY GOOK
MAKES SENSE. LOOK
FOR PATTERNS AND CLUES,
TO MAKE YOUR JOB EASIER.
GOOD LUCK AND KXYG
ZQRM!



1 PG SW SBT DMQ EMJAV? EMA'W
DMQ GSRT SADWGTAV NTWNTB
WM EM WGSA KMURT FQCCUTK? VME,
VTW S UJLT.

2 LNV'AX DNZYGPF TPNJRXA NPX?
LNV MNP'J JRGPB JRXDX IXDDTFXD
TAX FNGPF JN FXJ TPL KXJJXA,
MN LNV? CTVDX JRXL'AX PNJ,
LNV HPNJ. DJNB PNU TPM FN
NVJDG MX.

3 KRDTD, IAUP OD ISBHF IOPA
WBT? QBH'P WBT AUNR MSORHQD WBT
GUH PUCZ PB BS DBERPAOHF O ERUH
IAUP ZOHQ BM U CBDRS USR WBT? WBT
EUZR ER IUHP PB NBEOP.

4 VKX TMOUY DKG WS, VKX IWIIV
RAUMSUY, TMM ATWGUY, DTGS
QWROWIB, RKSSTBU RAUUMU FGTWUY,
MQWZV MOWIUY, HTSAUSWR UJRXMU
DKG T ATZHMAGU MSXYUIS VKX
MKQCUY SAU QTMS HXEEQU. TGUI'S
VKX DXROWIB HQUTMUY LWSA
VKXGMUQD?